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A BUNDLE of RAYMES

CHARLES
M. LUCE

1. Poetry, American

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Charles M. Luce.

A BUNDLE OF RHYMES

BY

CHARLES M. LUCE

FOREWORD BY
CLINTON SCOLLARD

SECOND EDITION

EDITED BY

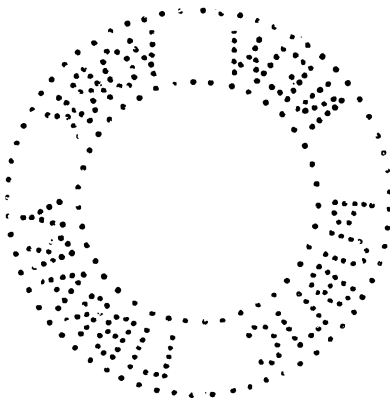
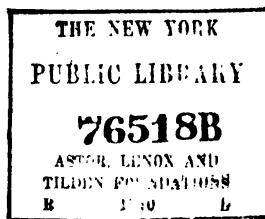
GRACE LUCE AND CORNELIA DAVIS

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MRS

CENTRAL RESERVE

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By GRACE LUCE



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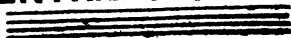
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FOREWORD

CHARLES MONROE LUCE WAS BORN IN SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, ON THE 9TH OF OCTOBER, 1895, AND DIED IN UTICA, NEW YORK, ON THE 21ST OF JULY, 1914. FROM EARLY BOYHOOD, VERSE WRITING WAS ONE OF HIS GREATEST PLEASURES. RHYMES HAUNTED HIS BRAIN; THE GIFT OF METRE WAS HIS BY NATURE, AND AS HE GREW TOWARD MATURITY HE GAVE PROMISE OF UNUSUAL ACCOMPLISHMENT. IT MAY BE THAT ALL CONJECTURE IN REGARD TO WHAT HE MIGHT HAVE DONE, HAD HE LIVED, IS FUTILE; YET, READING WHAT HE LEFT BEHIND, IT IS PLEASANT TO THINK HE MIGHT HAVE CARRIED FORWARD "THE TORCH OF SONG". AS IS BUT NATURAL IN THE WORK OF YOUTH, ACROSS HIS VERSES PLAY THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE MASTERS, THE POETS WHOM HE LOVED. BUT A TOUCH HERE, A FLASH THERE, FREQUENTLY BETRAY SOMETHING MORE THAN MERE IMITATION. HE WAS BEGINNING TO HAVE A SENSE OF THE "INEVITABLE WORD" AND OF THE PREGNANT PHRASE. THE JOY OF OUT-OF-DOORS, AN APPRECIATION OF NATURE'S MULTIFOLD AND MULTIFORM BEAUTIES, A REALIZATION OF THE ETERNAL VERITIES OF LIFE UNCOMMON IN ONE SO YOUNG,—BY THESE WE ARE DEEPLY IMPRESSED IN THIS MODEST "BUNDLE OF RHYMES".

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BIOGRAPHY

THE earthly life of Charles M. Luce, which closed so prematurely at the age of eighteen years, was in many respects only that of every normal boy.

Born in Syracuse, the third son of Reverend Fred L. and Carrie M. Luce, he was only two years old when he moved with his parents to Berkshire, N. Y. Here he spent eight happy years, and began to show that love for the hills and the glens, which marked his whole life.

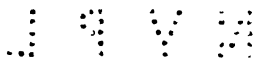
After three years in Cazenovia, N. Y., he came to Utica, in 1908, attending school, joining the Y. M. C. A. and growing up into the life of the city. During this period he had the good fortune to spend three months each summer in the country, "close to Nature's heart."

He joined the Boy Scouts at the earliest opportunity, and was one of the first two to become First-class Scouts in the City of Utica. In fact, before the Scouts began to be organized, he had been in correspondence with Ernest Thompson Seton, in regard to Indian

craft and lore. He took a keen interest in the Scout activities of hiking and camping, and "doing stunts;" and still more in the moral principles of clean and helpful living. In connection with his experiences in camp and on the hike he wrote a number of pieces in rhyme, which greatly entertained his comrades. These were published at the time in the Utica Scout periodical, and during the past year have been republished in the Philadelphia organ of the Scouts. Among the boys, his happy disposition and ever-ready smile won for him the nickname of "Charles the Cheerful."

The young poet also exhibited a marked artistic gift. Painting, sketching, original designing and lettering were a constant source of delight to him. In publishing this book, use has been made of some of his handiwork. The cover design and the small sketches appearing throughout the volume are work which he did for pure love of it, as well as for practice. He had already applied for admission to Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, for the course in Commercial Designing.

He was graduated with honor from the Utica Free Academy, in June, 1914. During his whole school life, he excelled in literature, and his talent always received recognition and



encouragement from his teachers. He was Editor-in-Chief of the Academic Observer, during his Senior year, and a large proportion of the cartoons in the 1914 Academician came from his facile pen.

In giving this book of the selected verses of Charles M. Luce to the public, the object has not been to pay fond tribute to his memory. It has been done in the hope of extending, beyond the circle of his immediate friends, the message of beauty which his poems contain.

However, to show something of the local esteem in which he was held, it is not out of place to permit two men to speak who are in a position to know:

Mr. Hugh Hughes, of the Utica Daily Press, says of him, "His mastery of the technique of poetic expression revealed unusual talent, and he had the insight, the philosophy, the mood, the love of the beautiful, and other characteristics usually found in the geniuses of the realm of thought and faith. He was especially fond of out-door life, and in much that he had written, he showed a harmony with nature, and an understanding of her moods that was sympathetic and deep. Versatile in thought and feeling, he could rejoice exuberantly with the young and speculate upon the mystery of life

with the more mature. His verses gave comfort and excited admiration.

“His character was as pure and beautiful as his poetry. He was singularly clean in thought and aspiration, and his spirit was buoyant and cheerful. He was not an ordinary boy, and those who knew him best will always believe that the world was robbed of a true poet just at the budding time.”

Mr. W. W. Canfield, Editor of the Utica Observer, says, “He was a brave, good-natured, pleasant youth, with love of humor, and with very many thoughts and ideas far in advance of his years. It was no task for him to write — he loved it, and it was a recreation and delight to study, write, sketch and plan all toward the beautiful.

“His work was of a quality to attract attention, and those who have examined it know that it bore evidence of remarkable talent. He was considered by many as a genius, and his beginning as a poet was brilliant. Every one who knew Mr. Luce will regret deeply the early termination of his life, and the end of a career which had the prospect of growing to greatness.”

His literary habits were so strong and systematic that he always completed any piece of

work which he began. Very rarely, if ever, did he have the experience which he describes in "Song That Was Lost" (page 37). When a poem was composed, he invariably wrote it out carefully on the typewriter, usually affixing the date, then filed it away in his loose-leaf folio. He had filled three such folios in the last three years of his life.

Therefore, the work of editing has been merely the selection, first, of such pieces as it was thought best to include in this volume; then, the arrangement of them under appropriate subtitles.

He was developing rapidly both in the quality of his work and in the facility with which he wrote. By reference to the dates, it will be seen that a large proportion of the poems in this selection were written during the last year of his life, quite a number in the last month. "Gloria" (page 73) was written the very day on which his fatal illness began, July 7, 1914. Two weeks later, he passed through the portal and entered into the glory of that life which is "Life Indeed."

Utica, N. Y., August, 1914.

LYRICS AND LOVE SONGS



THE SINGER

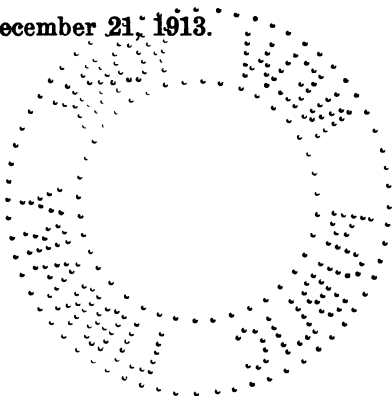
SOMEONE shall sing the marching-song
Of the people, down the years!
Someone whose heart is pure and strong,
Someone who sees and hears,
Someone whose buoyant pulses beat
With the mighty tread of the peoples' feet,
In their joys and in their tears.

Someone shall sing the victory-song
Of the people, gladly free.
His voice shall ring out loud and long
With a song of victory!
Above the tumult of cheer on cheer,
Triumphant, glorious and clear,
The Singer's voice shall be!

Someone shall chant the sorrow-song
Of the people, love-imbued
With sympathy for the weary throng,
The soul-starved multitude;
Someone shall sing when hope is dead,
When the fight is lost and the banner red,
And the field with slain is strewed.

Someone shall sing the marching-song,
One who can see and know,
As down the way that is ages long
The people, unending, go.
Someone from God's own hand shall come
To sing for the many whose souls are dumb,
Of their happiness and woe!

December 21, 1913.



HARP OF MY SOUL

HARP of my soul, with multitudinous strings,
Some loud and base, and others sweet and
strong,

Eternal throbbing through the ages long,
Immortal gift of my Creator, King!
Oh, may each wire with good impulses ring,
Though discords sound and many notes are
wrong,

May all its music blend in one sweet song,
And teach another harper how to sing!

May notes like mine upon another's lyre,
When I strike mine, return a kindred sound;
Our spirits beating with the same desire,
By common impulse may our souls be bound!
Oh, may that mutual note the sweetest be!
May friendship be my highest minstrelsy!

July 20, 1912.

MATIN SONG

The night is old!
Up, then, Dreamer! The morning gold
Blazes across the eastern blue,
And glints on every dewy blade!

Up, thou Dreamer! The world is new.
Yea, re-created, freshly made,
And for your joy, with beauty filled.

Up, then! And why be thou delayed
By unreal dreams? Thou canst not build
A fairer, rarer dream, than this!

So, Dreamer, up! The lark has trilled
His morning song of love and bliss.
Arise, for all the minutes hold
Treasures untold!

June 14, 1914.

"LOVE, FOR THESE HANDS"

LOVE, for these hands that blunder so
In everything they do,
And for the feet that straying go,
For these no plea is due.

Oh, you may hate the hands and feet
That ever miss their goal,
But with the verse, bear kindly, sweet,
For that is of the soul!

January 11, 1914.

A GOLDEN HOUR

WHAT time you smiled on me, and spoke
my name,

That hour, Belovèd, it was made of gold.

And now, what time the world is dark and
cold,

I gloat, a miser, by my candle-flame,

And count each golden minute as it came.

This treasure is all mine, to have and hold—

What time you smiled on me and spoke my
name,

That hour, Belovèd, it was made of gold!

What little things seem glory now, and fame!

They are a currency that soon grows old.

But still in memory your hand I hold—

If all the hours might only be the same!

What time you smiled on me, and spoke my
name,

That hour, Belovèd, it was made of gold!

TRIOLET

AS in love's gentle, longing note, the thrush
Sings when the woodland ways begin to
darken,

And West is crimson with the day's last blush—
As in love's gentle, longing note, the thrush,
So *She* sings in the fragile, perfect hush

Of twilight! And I—I sit and harken,
As, in love's gentle note, so like the thrush,
She sings when woodland ways begin to darken.

January 22, 1914.

MELINDA

MELINDA went in pink to-day,
Wherefore 'tis right that men should say,
"Pink is the color of the May!"

For Oh, it seems the very Spring,
The morning light and everything,
Were in the ways of her I sing!

So I, a wondering worshipper,
Beheld the apple-bloom astir
In every look and move of her!

And then — a converse miracle! —
I walked abroad, and in the dell
Each flower had her name to tell.

Oh, never man could put in ink
The bliss of all the things I think,
When my Melinda goes in pink!

May 26, 1914.

“HER HAIR IS BROWN”

HER hair is brown! A zephyr sighed
From the low sun at eventide
And all along the way it threw
A shadow, amber-gold in hue,
Under the willow arches wide.

Till then I could not though I tried
Her dreaming tresses well describe,
But when I saw that shade I knew!
Her hair is brown.

Oh, evening breeze, the sunset's bride,
Blow softly those dear locks aside,
And kiss the eyes of heaven-blue!
Ah, would I were a zephyr too,
And like an unseen sprite might bide
In hair of brown!

January 11, 1914.

LOVE SONG

SWEET, you have a way of smiling
Over your shoulder — so ! —
That is wondrous heart-beguiling,
Did you know ?
It's a manner so alluring,
As much a part of you
As the rose-bud's closing during
Fall-o'-dew.

March, 1914.

"ONE I ADORE"

ONE I adore for her tender eyne,
One for the happy things she said,
And one for her melodies divine,
And locks unfileted.

One for her manner, stately, tall,
One for her dancing feet so light,
But one I love the most of all,
Because her soul is white.

February 15, 1914.

EGYPTIAN FOUNTAIN SONG

SEE thou, Master, how the yellow
Garments of the fig-tree fall
Softly o'er the garden wall,
Each light leaflet like its fellow

Caught within the fountain's wile.
Watch them eddy, turn and float,
Gleaming, dreaming in the moat,
Like feluccas of the Nile.

Like the boats upon the water,
Like the echoes of a dream,
In the ripples dip and gleam!
See them! As a Pharaoh's daughter

Weareth jewels on her breast,
So, the fountain-pool, resembling,
Rising, falling, ever trembling,
Wears its jewels, ne'er at rest.

See thou, Master, how the shining
Garments of the fig-tree float
'Mid the lilies like a boat,
Lightly falling and reclining
In the waters of the moat—
In the waters of the moat.

June 5, 1913.

THE SONG OF THE CAMEL DRIVER

OH, wide the desert is and dreary,
 (Slowly the camels tread)
And oh, my heart would soon grow weary
 Were no oasis ahead!
For in that far oasis lies
The lovely fountain of thine eyes.

All through the day the distance shimmers,
 (Slowly the camels pace)
But ever before me flits and glimmers
 The vision of thy face!
For what is desert heat to me?
My heart glows warmer still for thee.

All through the night the stars are shining,
 (The camels lie and sleep)
And I, filled with an eager pining,
 The long night-guard must keep.
But what care I for heavenly star?
Thine eyes to me are brighter far.

Summer of 1913.

THE TOWER MAID

WHITHER into the lonely night
Goeth the wild thought winging?
Why in the glimmering candle-light
Sitteth the maiden singing?

Often she peers through the window pane,
And halts in her song to listen,
Out in the dark and the dripping rain,
Watching the farm-lights glisten.

Often she turns to the tower stair
With a look that is full of yearning,
Or trimmeth the candle-wick with care,
Keeping the flame clear-burning.

Ever she fondles a helmet plume,
And thinks on the vow he made her.
Out in the night of stormy gloom
Where is the bold Crusader?

Oh, whither into the lonely night
Goeth the wild thought winging?
Why in the glimmering candle-light
Sitteth the maiden singing?

October, 1913.

THE BOHEMIAN

O HO ! a glad Bohemian am I,
My home is everywhere beneath the sky ;
All earth is mine, when underneath the trees
I sit and listen to the brook and breeze.

Sky is my father,
Earth is my mother,
Wind is my sister,
Water, my brother !

And when my father glances down at me,
The kindly stars are but his eyes, you see.
And though the storm-cloud burst with thun-
d'rous thrill,

I know the father, Sky, is o'er me still.

Sky is my father,
Earth is my mother,
Wind is my sister,
Water, my brother !

And when the day has sunken in the west,
I lie in peace upon the mother's breast.
Oh, mother Earth is ever sweet and dear,
And croons to me, that I may feel no fear.

Sky is my father,
Earth is my mother,
Wind is my sister,
Water, my brother !

And when I wander, I am never lone :
The brook, my brother, gurgles o'er the stone ;
And Wind, my sister, at my side doth fly ;
O ho ! a glad Bohemian am I !
 Sky is my father,
 Earth is my mother,
 Wind is my sister,
 Water, my brother !

February 17, 1914.

THE LAST CAMP-FIRE

WHEREFORE tears in thine eyes, Belovèd,
Wherefore tears in thine eyes o' blue,
As when the skies are overclouded,
And the summer is nearly through?
Is it smoke o' the fire, Belovèd,
Smoke in the hazy autumn sky,
That makes the tears o'erflow thine eye-lids?
What is it makes thee cry?

Wherefore tremble to-night, Belovèd,
Now we gypsies may roam no more,
As zephyrs shake the yellow poplars
When summer-time is o'er?
Is it the heat o' the fire, Belovèd,
Shimmers the air 'twixt thee and me?
What makes thee seem to shake with sobbing?
What is it aileth thee?

The hemlocks towering on the ridges
Catch the rays of the dying sun;
Our blue smoke curls and writhes and rises,
For at last the day is done.
Sweet were the joys, all day, Belovèd,
Under the gold o' the splendid sky,
But now — thy shoulders shake, Belovèd —
What is it makes thee cry?

March 22, 1914.

OUT OF THE WORLD — A SONG

[Written after an evening with Alfred Noyes]

OUT of the world's wide, changeful stream,
He hath made a song in a beauteous
fashion,

With woven meter and rhyme, until
He flings it forth. As in a dream
The world he saw, with its fire and passion,
Is made of a song's impetuous thrill.

Out of the world, a song; and then
Out of the song — a world again!

With a flowing line and a jeweled word
He's caught the world's eternal grieving,
He's caught the sunlight, golden-glad;
And we wonder if it's a song we've heard,
Or how the Poet, with rare deceiving,
Painted the vision that we've had!

Out of the world, a song, and then
Out of the song — a world again!

April 3, 1914.

FRERES D'ART

HAIL to the Art that has made us brothers;
Let each warm hand be laid in another's!

Out of our ardor for truth and for beauty,
Hail to the Art that hath joined us in duty!

Children of moods are we, all-desiring,
Filled with the vision that urges, aspiring!

Seeking in Art to best serve the Maker,
Now, having found, shall we ever forsake her?

Say, was her manner strange and commanding?
Did she not grant us a blind understanding?

Did she not raise us with hope for the morrow,
Only to plunge us deeper in sorrow?

Oh, we have known the full exultation,
Surge upon surge, in the joy of creation,

When the high message burst into flower!
(It was *her* finger that thrilled us with power!)

Defeat we have known, and the dark depression —

Oh, the worn heart with its weary confession!

Were we afraid of the highway before us?
(It was *her* arm that held and up-bore us!)

We have been welded together in fire,
In the flame that leaped from our glowing desire.

We have all quaffed of the same Dreamers' potion,
Sharing as one each throbbing emotion.

Oh, she hath given us sickles for gleaning
Out of all things the old inner meaning;

Given us keys wherewith to enter
That cryptic realm where Soul is the center.

In the rhymes of the Bard, and the works of
the Painter;
In story and melody, faster or fainter,

Yet present forever, glory unchanging,
Can you not feel the true spirit ranging?

Children of moods are we, all-desiring,
Filled with a vision that urges, aspiring!

Out of our ardor for truth and for beauty,
Hail to the Art that hath joined us in duty!

Hail to the Art that hath made us brothers;
Let each warm hand be laid in another's!

February 22, 1914.

SONG THAT WAS LOST

ONLY a half-burnt candle,
And paper scattered, torn,
To tell of the night-hour struggle,
Now it is morn.

Only a half-burnt candle
With tallow down the side,
To show for the fervent labor,
Now Night has died.

Only the candle and paper
Strewn upon desk and floor —
Song that was lost in the singing,
Wilt breathe no more?

Aye, in the heart of the singer
Who penned his rhymes in vain,
With open field and sunlight
Lives the refrain!

Sometime, by the midnight candle —
No mortal knoweth when —
The singer will set to writing
The song again.

That time it will ring victorious,
Not faltering as before,
Thanks to this effort, this paper
Cast on the floor.

February 2, 1914.

THE BOYS OF '61

SO little honor can we show them
For all the gratitude we owe them!

Down the crowd-lined street they come:
A dwindled line of feeble men.
But the shrilling fife and the booming drum
Waken the old war-fire again!
Shoulders straighten, and eyes grown dim
Flash from under the tasselled brim
Of the old blue army-hat, as when
They blazed in battle long ago!
How the grand old banners blow,
Lift to the breeze, and proudly flow —
Flags of the Union evermore;
Bare the head as they pass before!

So little honor can we show them
For all the gratitude we owe them!

But Oh, the black on the flags that wave!
So we remember the warrior-dead,
And scatter flowers upon the grave.
Now all that could be said is said,
And all that could be done is done,
For the boys who went in '61.
A bugle-note sounds overhead
A sad last taps for the soldier-soul,

And mournfully the war-drums roll;
And o'er the land the church bells toll!
Oh, this is all that we can do
For the boys who fought in gray or blue!

So little honor can we show them
For all the gratitude we owe them!

May 28, 1914.

THE SONG OF THE TOILERS

WE are an endless army,
Fighting an endless fight;
To the front we go as the whistles blow,
And back to the camp at night.

We are an endless army;
Our banners flaunt the sky.
With beaded face we hold our place,
Lest all behind us die.

Oh, we are glad of the fighting,
Firm in the ranks, sans fear;
For a life is small and the Cause is all,
The Cause of the long frontier!

Vandal and Hun before us,
Science and Art behind!
And we stand guard, where the hordes press
hard —
Ah, what a wall they find!

This is the pride of the battle,
Warriors may understand.
Toilers are we, with royalty
In the clasp of a grimy hand.

But they who rule in the kingdom,
Far from our wild frontier,
Forever ride in their brawnless pride,
Passing *us* by with a sneer.

We, who have held the borders,
We, in our regal might!
But how could they go in their silken show,
If *we* should cease to fight?

We are an endless army
Guarding the race's Flame;
The ranks may change as the aeons range,
But the *army* is still the same!

April 9, 1914.

CHANT COURAGEOUS

FORWARD ! swords out and lances set !
Now, since our blades with blood are wet,
Look backward not — we'll conquer yet —
Ride ever on !

Forward, and let our war-cry be
"On," till the foeman bends the knee,
"On," till we win the victory !
Ride ever on !

Forward ! close ranks as comrades fall ;
Undaunted, charge to the bugle's call ;
On, to the foeman's rampart wall !
Ride ever on !

Forward ! spur fiercely on and ride ;
Follow the flag, be it crimson-dyed !
Courage determines the winning side.
Ride ever on !

March 13, 1913.

OUT OF THE HAPPY SCHOOL



THE WIND IN MAY

METHINKS the very wind is glad
To sway the lilac-bush's bloom
And bear the cherry-tree's perfume.

And in the elm trees, merry-mad,
It flings the branches to and fro;
And lustily, 'twill often blow

Into the school-room, like a lad
All boisterous from play! And then
We have no thought for book and pen,

But needs must sit and watch the breeze
Go rollicking among the trees.

May 26, 1914.

“WHAT CARE I”

AH, what care I for the praise of men,
What for the critic's blame?
I have found my joy in the pulsing pen,
So what do I need of Fame?

What care have I for the sordid gold?
Again I say, what care I?
My coin is the kind that can't grow old,
And that millionaires can't buy!

For into a veil of sendal fine
I have spun my vision true,
With a rhythmic beat in every line,
And a thread of Beauty, too!

And so great is the joy that comes to me
In weaving my sendal song,
That I care not whether men say it be
Either right or wrong.

Only I wish that another lad
Hearing my song may smile.
Then, though the critic declare it bad,
I'll know 'twas still worth while!

So what care I for the words of men,
Or what for the sordid gold?
I have found *my* joy in the pulsing pen,
Yielding a thousand-fold!

ERE THE DANCE

TO-NIGHT, my graceful one, to-night I sit
In my still room with two dim candles lit,
And like the shadows that now faintly flit
Along the gloomy wall,
So through my vision's doorway, open wide,
I see the merry dancers whirl and glide.
And thou, O graceful one, art at my side,
In that bright-lighted hall!

What though to-night be dim and lone and bare?
To-morrow night is laughing, free and fair,
With floating music and with dazzling glare,
And silken sash's gleam!
Only I wonder will that evening be
As full and joyous in its melody,
As is this swift, enchanting thought of thee,
This transient, glowing dream!

January 8, 1914.

A BEE IN THE CLASS

A BEE flew into our Cicero class;
Through the open window I watched him
pass,
Strayed from his native cherry tree
That stood outside in its snowy bloom.
And Oh, it seemed so strange to me
To watch that pollen-yellow bee
Hum about in the humming room!
Like some brave student he seemed to buzz:
“I know all the Latin that ever was!”

A bee flew into our Cicero class,
Humming around; and every lass,
So rose-like, seemed to try to shrink
Away, for fear the bee would think
She really *was* a flower, — and then
Seemed almost offended to see him go
Over her head, unheeding. Oh,
Weren't you relieved when he sailed away,
And weren't you glad that he couldn't say
In his droning tone, “You're stung again”?

A bee flew into our Cicero class,
And he beat away at the window glass,
For he saw outside the sunlit bloom
Of the cherry tree. At last he spied
A window-way that was open wide,

And caught the scent of soft perfume.
Oho! away from the dreary room!
And humming along he left us still
Humming our lesson as pupils will —
Poor bumble bees that couldn't go!
But didn't we envy the fellow though?

May 21, 1914.

IN ELEGANT ENGLISH

IN elegant English he often would write,
In praise of her eyes, his heart's one delight,
And how her brown tresses were wond'rously
made
By Venus, combining the sun and the shade,—
And many another fanciful flight.

And often he'd lie awake half of the night
Composing a rhyme to her lips ruddy-bright,
Or how on her cheek the pale moonlight had
played,—
In elegant English.

But alas! One morn he was frozen in fright—
His startled eyes scarcely could take in the
sight—
For he saw a young duffer, in splendor ar-
rayed,
A-walking to school with his own cherished
maid,
And 'tis said that the things that he uttered
were quite
Inelegant English!

January 20, 1914.

ON READING THE AENEID

"Arma cano."—Virgil.

SING me no more of little things, for I
Have sat 'mid demigods at Dido's knees
And heard Aeneas tell how heroes die,
Of burning Troy, and of the perilous seas;
How, driven by Juno's wrath and fate's de-
crees

He sought fore-told Hesperia. No more
Shall I enjoy the songs that children please,
But hail, thrice hail, the bard who sang of War!

No more will soft-sung lyrics satisfy—
The frothy vintage brewed in days of ease.
Encouched in Tyrian purple now I lie,
And sip a mead of glorious ecstasies.
All that is brave or beautiful one sees
Within its ruddy depths, and brimming o'er
The goblet's golden edge. Drink to the lees,
And hail, thrice hail, the bard who sang of
War!

I close thy book, great Virgil, with a sigh,
As one regretful when the singers cease;
As one who, having drained the chalice dry,
Leans back awhile and dreams. The yellow
bees

Hum idly round me, sitting 'neath the trees
This summer's afternoon, while in thy lore
I live with heroes and with deities,
So hail, thrice hail, thou bard who sang of War!

ENVOY.

'Mid fields Elysian, enthronèd high,
Thou sitt'st at Phoebus' right hand evermore;
Virgil, accept my homage, hear my cry:
"Hail, hail, thrice hail, great bard who sang
of War!"

July, 1913.

THE HERO OF THE SUNKEN ROAD

THERE is a picture of a battle charge
Known as the "Sunken Road at Waterloo,"

Where all Napoleon's glittering cavalry
Go spurring down to Death. The gallant van—
Beautiful stallions and square-shouldered men,
The chosen flower of France, the fine Old
Guard—

Plunge o'er the precipice, unfaltering, pressed
By those behind who do not know their doom.
Uplifted swords and gleaming plates of steel
And streaming helmet plumes and tossing manes
Betoken what a vast, impetuous surge
Of bravery is in that charging host,
The pride of Bonaparte.

A single man,
The central figure, grips us most of all:
His horse is reared upon the very brink;
A moment later and the two will be
Part of the mangled carnage far below,
The grewsome heap that fills the Sunken Road.
But even then the fearless rider stands
Upright in stirrups, high above the rest;
With shining saber raised aloft he gives
The warning to his comrades following;
And then—the leap!

O, all of us have creeds,
We all have heights and heroes; so this man,
Turned in the saddle, with his sword-arm held
Above his head — the soldier-sign to halt —
And thinking but of Duty to the end,
This is my Hero of the Sunken Road.

June 28, 1914.

TO THE GRADUATES

[From the School of Yellow and White, the Class,
Flower Being the Daisy.]

OH, I remember a day when skies
Were just as they are to-day;
Only some children with wondering eyes
Were out in the fields at play.
And the wind in the grass would blow and blow
And set it to bending and waving so!

Oh, I remember just how they ran,
So glad, with the wind in their hair!
Was it the shrill of the pipes of Pan
Luring them here and there?
It might have been for all that I know,—
You see, that day was so long ago!

And daisies! Down in the pasture lands
They could gather them all the day;
So when the children had filled their hands
Was Croesus richer than they?
But the children no more will culling go,
For children aren't children—after they grow!

Yes, now that the June is here again,
Out of the happy school
The erstwhile children march as men,
To learn a harder rule.
Ah, but look at the daisies' glow
Forgetlessly before you go!

Gone are the sheep of little Bo-peep,
And our wonderful, wee Tom Thumb;
And the Sleeping Beauty is fast asleep,
And her Prince will never come!
Gone are childish wealth and show
Where the talking frogs and fairies go!

Ah, but remember the daisies white
And yellow; and never forget
That long as they thrill you with delight
Your heart is a child heart yet!
Till even you, like the daisies, grow
A soul of gold in a life of snow!

June 17, 1914.

GOOD BYE

IT'S hard to say Good Bye to folks,
To think, "Henceforth, how slow, how slow
My solitary days will go
Without my friend." One almost chokes
With tearfulness, just at the end.
It's hard to say, "Good bye, my friend!"

To clasp a hand and go away,
To know relentless Time and Space
Will hide that well-belovèd face —
"Good bye" — it is so hard to say,
For not a mortal knoweth when
The eager hands may meet again!

It's hard to say, we all confess,
When we remember little deeds
Of love; the poor heart nearly bleeds
To think on so much kindness.
And simple open favors take
New glory on, for Friendship's sake!

But, Oh, how impotent the bars
Of Time and Space! When Love is so
Divinely winged, and when we know
That though God's universe of stars
May crumble, Love can never die, . . .
It's not so hard to say Good Bye!

June 29, 1914.

GRADUATION ODE
OF THE CENTENNIAL CLASS, 1914

STROPHE I

JUNE, with gauzy azure gown
And with roses for a crown,
Cometh lightly tripping down,
Tripping down the hill-sides.
In her zone of ruddy gold
Summer sunshine doth she hold;
In her gown's each rippling fold,
Laughter of the rill-sides.
From her soft caresses, too,
Youths and maidens learn to woo.
All are joined in happy tune
And without a discord sing,
"Hail, thou daughter of the Spring,
Glory to thee, gentle June."

ANTISTROPHE I

Now the June-queen pauses where
Sits our Alma Mater fair;
Tenderly June crowns her hair
With a wreath of roses.
Now the hundredth June hath crowned her,
Now may kindly Fortune bound her,
As her children all surround her,
And the century closes.

Now the aeon's tale is told,
Let us crown her as of old
 With a floral wreath of Song.
Let the class that goes away
From her corridors to-day,
 Sing in chorus clear and strong:

ÉPODE

Now do we hail thee, thou Mother of Learning,
 And ere we depart, will we sing once more;
Now in thine honor to thee returning
 The sons and the daughters thou reared of yore.
Hail to thy hallways, where the Muses love to
 linger!
Let filial ardor fire the soul of every singer,
 Faithful ever unto thee!
With true devotion, with true devotion,
 O Mother, unto thee!

STROPHE II

As the Greeks in days of yore
Kept a sacred fire before
Their high altars, evermore,
 To the gods celestial,
So to thee, O Mother dear,
In thy classic temple here
Burns the Spirit, year by year;
 And, as virgins Vestal,
We must give place to the new.
May the flame be kept as true

As we kept it, brightly burning.
So that we in Life's grim fight
May be guided through the night
By that constant light of learning.

ANTISTROPHE II

Mother, we shall soon be gone
From thy temple on the lawn,
For the tide of Time sweeps on
Toward the years to be.
Yet on this thy natal day,
Be we many leagues away,
Still upon thy shrine we'll lay
Tribute unto thee.
In the midst of Life's endeavor
Will we think of thee, and ever
Loyal love our hearts will swell!
Let us, ere we go away
From thy corridors to-day
Sing a song to bid Farewell:

EPODE

Farewell, O Mother, for we must depart!
Now from thine arms to Life we are turning;
Still in the battle our hearts will be burning,
Proud of the Mother-heart!

Strophes and Antistrophes recited by one. Epodes sung by the class in chorus, to the Anvil Chorus, from Verdi's Il Trovatore, and Melody in F, by Rubenstein, respectively.

Composed during 1913 and 1914 in divers pleasant places. Finished, April 15, 1914.

IN THE LAND OF DREAMS



A CASTLE IN SPAIN

I BUILT me a castle in Spain, long syne,
And dreamily I would grope
Over these murky moors of mine —
These darkened days — till high and fine,
Lit with the lights of hope,
I saw my airy castle shine
Aloft beyond the mundane bars
Amid the maze of milky stars,
The lambent lights of hope!

A castle I built in the land of Spain,
The wonderful land of dreams;
And far below, a purple main
Tossed its waves like a field of grain
With numberless glooms and gleams.
But I never can see my castle again —
It has vanished away, I don't know where,
Wasted into the magical air
Of the wonderful land of dreams.

I built me a castle long ago,
Lit with the lights of hope.
But the fairy walls were thin, you know,
And reared with a delicate pearly glow,—
Only of water and soap!
Only of water and soap,—and so,
Gone are the towers and the purple sea,
And all of the bubble's witchery,
And the boyish lights of hope.

Yet, was the dream in vain—in vain!—
The memory still is sweet.
Nevermore may I live in Spain
On the splendid heights by the gleaming main
Where sleepy breakers beat.
But the turrets rise in light again,
Over these murky moors of mine,
And still my beautiful banners shine,—
And the memory still is sweet.

June 13, 1914.

DAY-DREAMS

WAKING, I dreamed, and as I dreamed
I saw her face; a little smile
Danced round her tender lips, it seemed —
Grew bright and vanished. Yet, the while

Her heart was happy, for her eyes
Shone with a joy half-understood,
Half-guessed at, like the April skies!
Is not my dreaming very good?
I try to read the printed book
But dizzily the writing blurs,
And naught I see but the sweet look
Upon that sunny face of hers!

December 9, 1913.

THE NIKE OF SAMOTHRACE

AN APOSTROPHE

WHAT happy sculptor carved thy glorious
wings!

Whose chisel formed that poise which, voice-
less, sings

A triumph-song, Niké of Samothrace?

Thy marble robes still seem, with brave, free
grace

To be blown 'round thee by the Attic wind.

Spirit of victory, which naught can bind,

Thy joyous paean rings

Through the long years. The battle is forgot;

The kings and men who fought remembered
not;

Athens is ruined; Sparta passed away;

Corinth and Thebes are fallen in decay;

Yet thou shalt outlive aeons, for "A thing

Of beauty is a joy forever." Sing

Thy paean o'er the spot

Where Samothrace was won. With beauty's
charms,

Enchantress, though bereft of head and arms,

Thou conjurest before my pensive eyes

Old Greece's glory. Lo! the visions rise:

The blue sky bends above Aegean seas,

Where light-oared galleys fly before the breeze.

Across the bay, green farms
Surround walled Athens and her hill of stone.
But look! What panting runner comes alone
With news of victory on his happy face:
Athens has won the field of Samothrace!
Haste, runner, to the city; speed thy most;
Make Athens ready for her conquering host,

As they return to home.

Ah! Here they come, the victors of the fray,
With helm and sword and all their war array,
Shouting their battle-song exultantly.
What patriot hearts are these! How brave and
free!

In victory's rapturous joy they hasten on
To lay their war-spoils in the Parthenon.

And now along the way
From Athens, comes a happy crowd to greet
The warriors home again. With eager feet
The maidens run and dance, and singing, wave
Garlands and wreaths in honor of the brave.
Dance on forever, maidens! Blythely sing
Your song of greeting till the echoes ring.

Now joyous children meet
Their fathers. Anxious mothers run
To clasp the hand of each tall, war-scarred son.
Delight is seen on every loyal face.

Athens has won the field of Samothrace;
The enemy is crushed and put to rout;
Sing loud the victor-paeon; sing and shout,
 For Samothrace is won!
The damsels, like gay nymphs dance on, in-
 viting
To home the soldiers, weary from their fighting.
Races, and games, and Dionysian plays
Shall fill with pleasure all their peaceful days;
Nights shall be passed with feast and Chian
 wine,
While soft pipes sound Homeric songs divine,
 The tired ear delighting.

* * * * *

The glad scene dimmers into mist and cloud
That slowly take the form of wing and shroud
Of marble, carven with a matchless grace.
Once more you stand, Niké of Samothrace,
With wings exultant, gloriously free,
Embodiment of the spirit of victory
 In that Athenian crowd.

December 4, 1912.

SAPPHICS

HEARING music, often we sit and wonder
How the master-mind of the song's conception

Must appear, all throbbing with unsung ditties —

Melody's ship-yard!

Always in my mind I delight to picture
Some bright, busy place with the sea beyond it,
Filled with Grecian workmen in colored togas,
Building their galleys.

Oh, the metric tinkle of nimble hammers,
Oh, the steady roar of the glowing forges,
And the mingled music of shouting workmen,
Glad of their labors!

See the figure-heads with their glint of silver,
See the silken sails in the looms of weavers,
And the tiers of oars and the masts, all shining
Brave in the sunlight!

Comes at last the day when the galley seaward
On her rollers rides, and the old, old ocean
Bears another sail on her gray horizon,
Endlessly onward.

On and on and onward the ship goes gliding,
Full of sound and light from the happy ship-
yard

Whence it once had leaped in its grace and
beauty —

Brain-born Athena!

Thus I often think when I hear sweet music,
Thus I sit and fancy the great composer,
So I call the mind of the song's conception
Melody's ship-yard!

May 22, 1914.

ALEXANDER'S HORSES

HO, give me my horses, my beautiful horses,
Give me my horses again!

Down by the yellow Euphrates
My tireless legions go tramping,
Beyond the dust of the desert
The hosts of the Persians are camping!
To-day, the marching of armies;
To-morrow, the clamor of battle,
Where, under the lash of the leaders,
The Thracians are driven like cattle.
"VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY!"
Ever I hear the word ringing,
For I was predestined to conquer,
And this is the song of my singing!
Yet when the horsemen go forward
With thunderous plunging and pounding,
Out of the days of my boyhood
I hear an old longing resounding!

Ho, bring back my horses, my beautiful horses,
To me, Alexander, the King!

Ah, for Bucephalus nimble,
The stallion I loved as a brother!
Ah, for the fleet-footed coursers,
Playfully nosing each other!
Wonderful chariot horses,
The first in the sacred races;
Colts that I bridled myself,
Broke them and taught them their paces;
Steeds of unquenchable spirit —
I, and I only, their Master!
How we would ride the arena,
Whirling on, faster and faster!
Ah, for my sleek-coated racers!
Take you my gold and my forces,
Take, if you will, all mine honors,
But give me my youth and my horses!

Ho, bring back my horses, my beautiful horses,
Give me my horses again!

July 3, 1914.

GLORIA

I HAD a dream and in my dream there sate

A luring Lady, high in regal state,
Upon a silver throne that glittered clear
From many a torch in swinging chandelier,
About the lofty hall. And music heard
But half, and half imagined, distance-blurred,
And indistinct, came down upon the air,
Wistful and throbbing, like a heart laid bare.
But more than music and the lights and all,
That luring Lady of the empty hall
Wove her deep spell. And nearer as I came
I sought to know the mystic Lady's name,
And saw that round the dias' ebony
Ran carven runes of awful sorcery,
And mighty words of ancient kings and seers;
Inscriptions of the great, forgotten years,
And writ in unknown tongue and quaint device,
Whereof a little only — 'twill suffice —
I could decipher. Thus the legend ran:

"I am the Spirit of the Praise of Man!
A million men have sought me for a bride,
A million men have gone through fire and died,
A million men have labored all their life,
Only to have the Praise of Man to wife.
Baal hath his bulls; Jehovah, prayers and cries;
But now behold *mine* altar-sacrifice!"

I raised my eyes. O becking finger tips,
O neck of lily-white, and smiling lips,
O daring, dreaming eyes, and gleaming hair —
Ah, what a bait for such a cruel snare!
And in my head the rune began again:
“I am the Spirit of the Praise of Man!”
Till my distorted fancy looked and saw
’Stead of soft fingers, ugly hoof and claw;
And, fascinated, I beheld in place
Of lips and eyes, a fearful monster-face,
Fierce and revolting. Then — I marvel more —
I saw the smiling Lady as before.
O loving lips and bosom lily-fair,
O daring, dreaming eyes, and gleaming hair,
Part of the music’s wandering witchery.
Is it a wonder men would die for thee?

* * * * *

I still dreamed on, fearing my dream would fall,
When, from a portal far adown the hall,
Two men came in. Bewildered and amazed,
They rubbed their eyes and staggered and then
gazed
Around, as men freed from the night
Of some dark labyrinth, are blind with light.
Then when they spied the throne, running, they
burst
Into the Lady’s presence. One man first —
The one attired in gaudy silks and gold,

Strong-limbed and handsome, gallant-mannered,
bold —

This man spake first, "All hail, my long-sought
Prize!

All hail, my Beauty with the burning eyes!
Art thou not mine already?" And he came
And sat upon her footstool without shame
And even touched her hand and smiled. And
she

Smiled back and ran her fingers tenderly
Through his black hair.

— Meanwhile the other man
Stood back, abashed. What had his rustic tan,
His rags and rugged staff and manners mean
To do with lights and music and a queen?
And with his eyes half-full of lonely tears
He looked upon the sayings of the seers.
And, strange enough, he read the meaning true
Of sign and symbol carven, and he knew
The wizard-lore of all that prophecy
Writ round the dias' base of ebony.
He read, and as he read, his face grew bright
With inspiration, and a godly light
Shone in his eyes — the Bard! Transfixed he
stood
And read the letters in the ebon-wood.
A voice recalled him. "Ah, sweet Prize I
hold," —

This from the man who went in silks and
gold —

“Now shall you be my Queen and I your King,
And thus hold court. Aha! this mongrel thing,
This beast shall make a jester for our court.
Here, Fool Colossal, wake! ’Twill be fine sport
To see thee wearing cap and bells about.
Far better than those rags of thine, no doubt!”
At this the Lady tittered mockingly
And laughed. The Bard looked calmly up.

Said he,

“Ha, Lady, I — I, thy ‘Colossal Fool,’ —
I even yet shall sit, not on that stool,
But by thy side. Thou shalt not scoff me then!
O give thy little smiles to many men,
Thou shalt be *mine* at last! Hast read these
rhymes

The seers inscribed in the forgotten times?
Nay? I have read them while you two have
played.

These are the words:

‘When all the souls are weighed,
When all good deeds are counted, and the ill,
Then is the recompense, and not until.
The praise of but a day is like a spark
Or like a glowworm dying in the dark.
The happy hero of a hundred years
Nobody notes to-day, nor sees, nor hears!’ ”

* * * * *

The figures faded and the torches failed,
The melancholy music slowly trailed
Adown my dream, and softly died away,
And I awoke and found that it was day.

July 7, 1914.

MY JAPANESE ROSE-JAR

THIS is my painted rose-jar that doth hold
The rose leaves of dead summers, dry and
old

And brown, yet fragrant. Did that cunning
man

Of paints and brushes in far-off Japan
Know, as he sat in the sunlit bazaar,
Crosslegg'd beneath his awning, with my jar
In his brown hands, through all the morning
hours

Painting those roses of the Realm of Flowers
Upon its sides, O did the painter know
Of all the roses that would bud and blow,
Making the garden beautiful, and die,
As Virgins pass away on Zephyr's sigh,
How many a happy Summer's memory
Held in that little painted jar would be
Kept safe forever from the Winter's blast?

Oh, when I open my rose-jar of the past,
What memories sad-scented, sweet and dear,
Arise from those old petals brown and sere —
The dead ghost-petals of my yester-joys.
Now all secluded from the Present's noise
I rest, and breathe the perfumes of my jar,
And dream and drift by silent vistas far,

Far back, to gardens that were long since grown
With brambles. Then I wish to be alone
And meditate upon the Junes gone by.

Again for me about the garden fly
The happy bluebirds, and a-down the path
They flutter in the fountain's rainbow bath,
And sing among the roses on the lawn.
Oh, spirits of Glad Moments that are gone,
Still 'round the flashing fountain ye are wing-
ing,
Still 'mid the roses joyously are singing.

Once more I see around the old sundial
The blackbirds fly. In solitude awhile
I sit and watch them in their circling flight,
As the slow sundial's shadow wheels toward
Night.

Oh, spirits of Sad Moments that are past,
Upon my dial the shadow still is cast;
Still 'round and round the ominous blackbirds
fly;
The sun, blood-red, sinks in the western sky.

All this my little rose-jar doth contain:
The birds of happiness and birds of pain —
Oh, did the Japanese in his bazaar
Know as with skill he painted on my jar

The flowers and birds of gardens o'er the sea,
Did that brown painter know what flowers for
me
Would bloom in gardens here and softly die?
What birds around the fount and dial would
fly?
How many fragrant Junes fore'er would be
Kept safe within my Jar of Memory?

January, 1913.

THRENODY

A SONG I heard one night as I
A cheerless house was passing by,
Where, through the gloominess and rain,
A dimly-candled window-pane
Beneath the dripping, dripping eaves
And swept by dripping lilac leaves
Paled out its lonely yellow light.
And I stood silent in the night,
While ever through the mournful rain
A violin with slow refrain
Wailed desolately down. Ah, hark!
I heard a sad voice in the dark:

“Oh, I would go, would go for thee
To Acheron or Arcady,
Thy gladsome face again to see!”

Dreaming I stood a while and heard
The bitter sorrow of each word,
And all the longing and the pain,
That lilted through the dripping rain,
And almost envied him, I ween,
To see the face that he had seen!
Then I shook off the spell at once:
Foolish fiddler, fiddling dunce!
Why should he sing into the night
Because a lassie's laugh was light?

And yet the spell crept back again
And held me bound with Love and Pain :

“Oh, I would go, would go for thee
To Acheron or Arcady,
Thy gladsome face again to see!”

But O, upon a later night
By solitary candle-light
I sat and heard the branches sweep
Across my window, and the deep
Low moan of thunder in the hills.
And like a wind that stirs and stills,
A threnody went through my brain,
A song that seemed to lull the Pain
Of one fair dream that could not be:
That “gladsome face” I could not see!
For since that night so long ago
I’d learned the Melody of Woe:

“Oh, I would go, would go for thee
To Acheron or Arcady,
Thy gladsome face again to see!”

June 8, 1914.

PRELUDE

YON gorgeous curtain soon will 'gin to rise;
Even now, expectantly, a thousand eyes
Cling to it. The musicians now begin
With weeping flute and wailing violin
To sing the grief that past the curtain lies.

For this is Tragedy. And I surmise
The pain that glints and pierces, dagger-wise—
Yea, all the sorrow that is hid within
Yon gorgeous curtain.

Sad soul of Music, that laments and cries
An hour before the hero-actor dies!
What prophesy is in thy mournful din:
Here Love lies bleeding from the sword of
Sin,
Ere yet the play. Ah, thou canst not surprise,
Thou gorgeous curtain!

January 23, 1914.

HAVING STUDIED THE WORKS OF
A POET

I HAVE torn his blossoms to pieces,
Stem and petal and blade,
And now that the parts lie scattered,
I know how the flower was made;
The secret of all its fragrance,
The heart with its crimson glow,
And why, when the wind was sighing,
The blossoms went swaying so!

I have torn his blossoms to pieces,
And found whence the Beauty came,
But the petals that once were so gorgeous
Are nought but a heap of flame!
Yellow and white and scarlet
On the table before me lie,
And I never can put them together
However long I should try.

I have torn his blossoms to pieces,
And then I have builded mine,
Just as *his* flower was fashioned,
With rhythmic meter and line.
But somehow the bud is lifeless,
Something the poem lacks,
Like the Queen of Sheba's roses,
Moulded only of wax!

I have torn his blossoms to pieces —
 Would I had left them there,
There in the garden of verses,
 The fairest of all the fair!
I have torn his blossoms to pieces —
 Would I had let them be,
For the beautiful words of the poet
 Are withered to dust — for me!

April 30, 1914.

IN A CITY PARK

OH, the little children playing
By the fountain in the park!
You can hear their laughter — hark! —
With the laughter of the water and the maple
boughs a-swaying.

You can hear their voices calling
In the sunlight, fresh and clear;
Oh, the sound is sweet to hear,
Like the everlasting music of the fountain
water falling.

With the arching trees above it,
Oh, the fountain's fair to see!
And the sparkle, bright and free,
Of the water and the sunshine — ah, you can-
not help but love it!

'Tis the fountain of all fountains,
'Tis the one De Leon sought
Long ago. Why, who'd have thought
It was in a busy city, not 'mid El Dorado's
mountains!

'Tis the Fount o' Youth Eternal.
So at eve when skies grow dark,
People linger in the park,
Just to sit among the children and to feel the
heart grow vernal.

May 5, 1914.

WITH A COPY OF THE RUBÁIYÁT

A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse, — and
Thou

Beside me, singing in the Wilderness!"

(Wise Omar knew the secret, I confess)

"And Wilderness is Paradise enow."

Can you not, from the lines, imagine how

They twain, like we, conversed the while?

Ah, yes:

"A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse, — and
Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness!"

Can you not see the overhanging bough —

Red wine, red rose, and redder lips to press!

(So soon to be forgot, each wild caress:)

Spilt wine, dead rose, false lips — ah well!

But now

"A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse, — and
Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness!"

January 28, 1914.

'NEATH CHANGING SKIES





OH, WHO WILL GO A MILE WITH ME ?

OH, who will go a mile with me?
For I have many miles to go,
Over the hill and the windy lea
And down where the little wood-brooks flow.

Oh, who will go a country mile,
Far away from the noisy town?
The highway hath a witching wile,
Leading the wanderer up and down!

I only ask a mile of thee,
The rest I journey all alone.
Oh, who will go a mile with me?
We'll part again at the first mile-stone,

And thou'lt go back to the narrow town,
Back to the gray-walled Place o' Care,
While I tramp over the highway brown,
That leads to the Land o' Everywhere.

So come with me a mile, I pray —
'Tis many a mile to my journey's end —
And we'll both be happier all the day
For having made at dawn a friend!

Some spirits catch the Wanderlust
And, powerless to resist it, roam;
And others 'mid the city's dust
Are doomed to live their lives at home.

Some birds fly ever South and North,
As changing skies and seasons bid,
While others never venture forth,
But stay in native woodland hid.

Oh, wilt thou come a mile with me?
The morning sun is shining bright,
And I have many a vale to see
Before the birds fly home at night!

April, 1913.

TO THE ORISKANY

HERE, in thy full, glad, sunlit sweep,
Or where thy cool green waters sleep,
Or swift and strong I see thee leap,
Thou art a comrade, little river!

Oft have I wandered by thy shore
And heard thee lilting o'er and o'er
Thy song, and I too sang the more
When I was with thee, little river!

Beside thy willow-shaded pool
I found a quiet, happy school
Of thought, and in thy shadows cool
I meditated, little river!

And I have answered to the call
Of thy wild, foaming waterfall;
Held in Adventure's golden thrall,
I ran beside thee, little river!

As though I should stoop down and see
My face glassed back again by thee,
So dost thou bear the imagery
Of mine own heart, thou little river!

My soul too hath a sunlit rill,
A pool of waters deep and still,
A waterfall's mad, wayward will!
— For this I love thee, little river!

July 8, 1913.

SPRING LOVE SONG

SPRING is back in the hills once more!
True, they have sung this song before,
But the song with each new singing is new,
For the sun is warm and the skies are blue,
Blue as the shining eyes of you —
You that are spirit o' the Spring!
Hark, did I hear a robin sing,
Trilling it o'er and o'er and o'er,
"Spring is back in the hills once more"?

March, 1914.

PAN AND I

WE were up in the hills all day to-day,
My brother Pan and I.
The fields are brown and clouds are grey,
But above is the azure sky!

The meadows are muddy, the trees are bare,
The hilltops are windy, too.
But Pan and I — Oh, what do we care
So long as the skies are blue?

There are wee hepaticas in the wood,
And the buds swell on the trees,
And something says Spring's come for good,
As it whispers in the breeze.

And down a ravine that I went through,
Along with my brother Pan,
A wild little brooklet went hurrying, too,
Singing a song as it ran.

Then I left Pan and went back to town.
Oh, what is the use of pining,
Though the mire is deep and the hills are brown,
If only the sun is shining?

April 9, 1913.

SUNLIGHT WINE

I T was born of the sunlight wine that fills
The valley cup of the April hills;
And I, who had drunk of the golden wine,
Felt it, the thrill of a soul divine!

Phoebus, waking with new god-power,
Leaped o'er the sward e'en so! The flower
That lifts her white face from the frost-free
clod
Answers the call of an unseen God.

I have felt it surely; the robin's note
Praises the Presence; the clouds that float
Fleecy and high in the blue of the sky
Are signs of the Power, serenely nigh.

It was like a dream, as pure and sweet
As the crocus that blossomed before my feet;
It was all a vision of Spring and Song,
And Life unfolding, fair and strong.

I have drunk a goblet of golden wine,
And felt the thrill of a soul divine;
O the sunlight wine that flows and fills
The valley cup of the April hills!

April 18, 1914.

A NIGHT IN APRIL

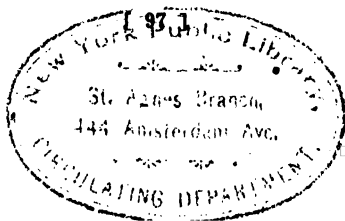
THE brave old stars of Winter,
Orion and the rest,
In early hours of evening
Are setting in the West.

And Aldebaran's luster
That sparkled out so fair
On frosty nights, is softened
By April's milder air.

5 47207 Why, even the low night-winds
With whisperings are rife,
And all the dark is pregnant
With the mystery of life!

Farewell, you misty Pleiads,
You Dog-star, and the Kings;
I turn from your bright beauty
To the wonder that is Spring's.

A little more of waiting,
And in the Southern sky
I'll see the Scorpion trailing,
As in the Junes gone by.



Then o'er the dusky garden,
Whose flowers are drenched with dew,
Will rise my calm Antares,
A pure pink rose in hue.

And in the fretted spirit
Worn by the toils of day,
All shall be peace and music,
And care shall fall away.

Only, when Summer's withered
And harvest days are o'er,
I shall be glad to welcome
The Winter stars once more!

April, 1914.

IN EARLY JUNE

OH, aren't you glad to think the rose
Will climb about the arbor soon?
Perhaps upon the morrow, June
Will all her loveliness disclose!
For even now the West-wind blows
A fragrance, humming his old tune.
So aren't you glad to think the rose
Will climb about the arbor soon?

Why, even the youngest robin knows
The rhymeless wonder of that croon
The Wind is chanting. What a boon
Are these fair days to worldly woes!
Oh, aren't you glad to think the rose
Will climb about the arbor soon?

June 12, 1914.

WHITTLIN' IN TH' BARN

IT'S bin a-rainin' dorgs an' cats mos' all the
w'ile t' day,
Jes' like the clouds was tryin' hard t' wash the
hills away.
An' it kin keep it up all night — I don't care;
let 'er storm,
Fer I'm a-settin' in the barn, all safe an' dry
an' warm.

A-settin' on the ol' grain-bin, jes' whittlin' an'
thinkin' —
I guess "jes' whittlin'" some the time! See
them spring roosters drinkin'
Round thet mud puddle in the road. Gee,
don't their tails look queer!
It must be orful wet out thar — I'm glad I
run in here.

A-lookin' at the old cobwebs thet hang around
the beams,
I wisht I was a spider, once, jes' weavin' cob-
web dreams.
A-listenin' t' hear them swallers flyin' in the
loft,
An' the rain a-fallin' on the roof, so stiddy-
like an' soft,

Somehow it makes ye feel jes' monstrous com-
f'ter'ble an' good,
A-settin' on the ol' grain-bin, an' whittlin'
kindlin' wood,
An' not a-wantin' nothin' but t' set alone a
while.
It sorter seems t' smooth yer brain an' mend
yer worn-out smile.

Perhaps you think I'm silly, folks, or almost
goin' crazy,
Er mebbly you will all agree I'm gittin' down-
right lazy;
But somehow ef thar's any spot within my heart
a-painin',
It does it lots o' good t' set an' whittle while
it's rainin'.

August, 1912.

JUNE SUNSHINE

SOMEHOW, it sort o' takes a feller,
This season all so warm an' meller,
Skies o' blue an' fields o' yellor.
An' anybody in the city
Who can't git out here, has my pity!

For here I set in the apple tree,
An' listen an' watch t' hear an' see
The things that's goin' on 'round me —
Say, city feller, keep yer dollar,
But let me set up here an' holler!

The robins an' bluebirds are flyin'
About the branches; breezes sighin'
Contented; an' the brook replyin',
While I set danglin' on a limb
An' watch the little minnies swim.

The sunshine jes' soaks everything;
The wide green hills an' the Junebug's wing;
No wonder the birds in the tree top sing,
An' th' butterflies gaily flutter up
Amid the fields o' buttercup!

Oh, who cud go along his way
With solemn, frownin' face t'-day,
When all the world is peaceful-gay?
Somehow, it sort o' takes a feller,
This season all so warm an' meller!

June, 1913.

A MORNING IN JULY

HOW could any one be surly
In the morning clear and early,
When the grass is gemmed with dew,
And the night before's been showery
And has left the heavens blue,
With a fresh and happy hue;
When the birds, like winged houri,
Sing about the garden flowery,
Each bright redbreast to his mate:
Fluttering gaily, never weary,
Overflowingly elate;
"Love is sweet and life is great!"
Ever singing, ever cheery,
Each blythe spirit with his dearie.
Now the shining hollyhocks,
Bowing debonairly answer,
"Love is sweet 'mid garden walks!"
And they sway upon their stalks.
Each a graceful, green-clad dancer
As the morning sun enchants her.

1913.

THE BERRY PICKER

SPRING awakes, and with her, longing
For old ways; and Memories thronging
Blind mine eyes to things that be
And I only seem to see
A brown door with flowers before it,
And a hill, and blowing o'er it
Winds, that in the berry patch
Frolic merrily and catch
Cap of lad and tress of maiden
Laughing gaily, berry-laden,
Burdened by no more of care
Than the swallows of the air.

Here, with blowing apron's grace,
And with curls about her face,
Stands a lassie, open-throated,
And her song, all silver-noted,
On the wanton wind is flinging!
Ho! the heart is in the singing
And a harmony is wrought;
Out of scene and song is caught
Spirit of the rounded hill,
Of the breeze's boisterous will,
And the maiden, sorrowless.
Art is best in artlessness!

March 25, 1914.

TO THE WIND

TAKE me where the wind's a-blowing
Ever fresh and free!
Whistling merrily.
Where the grass in billows's flowing,
And the maple trees are throwing
Up their boughs in glee.
Take me where the wind's a-blowing
Ever fresh and free,
And the clouds are swiftly going,
White and feathery.
There's the place to be —
Where the sun its gold's bestowing
And the wind on all is blowing
Ever fresh and free!

NOVEMBER WEATHER

GRAY sky, gray house-tops — gray, gray,
gray!

My very heart is gray to-day!
Gray river by the gray old mill,
And gray old tombstones on the hill.

When will the sun break through the cloud?
When will my soul cast off its shroud,
The river sparkle and dance again,
And Joy come back to the eyes of men?

Is the sun gone forever and aye?
Will the sky be always gray, gray, gray?
How can the river twinkle blue
Except the heavens be azure too?

How can my heart be aught but drear,
Reflecting the sky of the dying year?
Gray is the river beside the mill,
Gray are the tombstones on the hill!

November, 1913.

FEBRUARY

THE ghosts of trees in fairy land,
All wrapped in shrouds of snow!
The sky above is white with clouds,
The earth is white below.
And merrily between the two
The little snow flakes fall.
A sleigh-bell in the distance sounds,
Then silence over all!

Now scarce a trace of earth is left,
With all its dross and noise;
With awe we stand in fairy land,
And share the goblin's joys.
The trees like rafters made of pearl
Support a roof of snow;
With reverent tread we walk along
The ermine rug below.

We feel a happy reverence
In this cathedral white,
With aisles of sweetest solitude,
And altar pure and light!

February, 1912.

UPON THE WIND-SWEPT SUMMIT

UPON the wind-swept summit now I stand.
My soul like an exultant eagle flees
Above the lowly earth, and soaring sees
How greater is the sky than is the land.
The mighty river seems a little band,
Like toys and grasses are the towns and trees,
But high above me lie celestial seas
Through which the clouds sail on in squadrons
grand.

And yet, though beautiful, the skies are lone;
No cloud is there that I may call my own.
The earth, though small, is full of love and
men,
Therefore, my soul, return to home again.
But in thy coming back, oh bring with thee
Some of the heavens' air — its purity!

September 6, 1912.

'TIS DUSK

'TIS dusk, and in this hallowed hush the Sun,
Which monarch-like, through all the day
did reign,

Scattering His largess over Earth's domain,
Where men will garner it when Summer's gone,
Now sets in glory, for His course is run.

The Sun is dying; by His Western bed,
Sad Nature stands and weeps with grief-
bowed head,
Because Her Sovereign's radiant rule is done.

His purple robes enfold the Occident,
Still lower sinks the splendor of His crown;
And where His cloudy canopy is rent,
The azure and the ermine richly blent
Make beautiful the dying Monarch's gown,
As on His couch of hills He lieth down.

July, 1912.

A SUMMER STORM

THE petals of the rose beside the path,
Stirred by the rising wind are softly
falling;

Across the fields of young and growing corn
The lonely, flapping crow is hoarsely calling;
And from the East the darkling storm-clouds
rise,
To draw a curtain o'er the sun-parched skies.

The ragged shadows scurry down the fields;
The coming wind with poplar leaves is play-
ing;

The earth and sky are growing sad and gray;
The elm with the first gust is slowly swaying;
A lightning flash illuminates the plain;
Then comes the driving, roaring sheet of rain!

Now hidden is the forest, pasture, hill,
The nearest farm-house, by a wall of gray.
With majesty the thunder roars and rolls,
Like God's decision on the judgment day;
Each torrent falls more fiercely than the last;
The little rose-bush bends beneath the blast.

Our home is isolated from the world ;
No neighbor's wagon to the town is going.
The raindrops rattle on the roof. We see
The roadway like a muddy river flowing.
With fear the women watch the lightning flash,
And startle at the thunder's heavy crash.

An hour elapses, and the storm abates.
The poplar leaves are wet and green and
shining
With setting sun, whose long and level rays
Impart to passing clouds a silver lining.
A new-born blossom on the bush is glistening,
With water from its heav'nly Father's christening.

June 11, 1912.

'TIS SWEET TO WALK

TIS sweet to walk 'neath wayside trees
Whose somber shadows long are lying,
As twilight flits across the leas.

While homeward hum the drowsy bees,
And swallows, fairy-winged, are flying,
'Tis sweet to walk 'neath wayside trees.

The weary farmer rests at ease;
The cattle down their lane are hieing,
And twilight flits across the leas.

As softly now the evening breeze
Among the topmost boughs is sighing,
'Tis sweet to walk 'neath wayside trees.

In tranquil west, as in red seas
The day, still glorious, is dying,
And twilight flits across the leas.

Ling'ring, at last the daylight flees,
And one by one the stars come spying
On us, beneath the wayside trees.

O love, my love, my sweet Louise!
My very heart to thee is crying,
As slow we walk beneath the trees,
And twilight fades across the leas.

June, 1912.

SUNSET FIRES

✓ O SUNSET fires, across the sky,
Which from the Day's last altar spring,
How you exalt my soul on high
And make me mute with wondering!

When I let down the pasture bars,
And turn the cows out for the night,
The sunset and the dawning stars
Can raise me up to such a height,

And wrap me into such a calm,
And such a peace withal, somehow
It seems an angel's cooling palm
Were laid upon my heated brow.

✓ Oh, sunset and the stars that dawn
Beyond the winding cattle-lanes,
The menial sting of life is drawn,
And only nobleness remains!

July 1, 1914.

IN PENSIVE THOUGHT





THE INFLUENCE OF SOLITUDE

OF no diversion was I ever fonder,
To me no other thing more joy has
brought

Than this; to be alone in pensive thought.
My carefree Fancy leads me oft to wander
Among the pleasant, sunny hillsides yonder,
And there by Nature's heart, my heart is
wrought,

By her a true philosophy is taught,
While 'mid her scenes in solitude I ponder.

By thus withdrawing somewhat from the strife,
We see in true perspective human life.

So near to God, with nought but Earth and
Sky,

Which He hath made, around us, we may see
His kinship unto Man; with clearer eye
Look past Death's gate into Eternity!

January, 1913.

AH YES, THE WORLD IS OLD

AH yes, the world is old,
And everything
Has often been retold;
I cannot sing
A song that's ne'er been sung,
That holds a thought still young.
My rhyme but tells
A song for ages rung
In myriad bells.
And yet the song is true,
And though it be not new,
The people need
New bells and ringers, too,
To make them heed
The truth all bells have tolled.
Then let my little rhyme
Its melody
Ring through the Tower of Time,
In harmony
With all the ages' bells.
And as the great chord swells
Upon the air,

Th' eternal truth it tells,
And calls to prayer
All people. "Ex Labora
Omnes voco ad Ora" —
The anthem rolls —
"Vidite ad aurora!"
Making all souls
That heed it more sublime.

April, 1913.

THE HAND OF GOD

WHAT teacheth Mother Nature of the Hand
That fashioned her in beauty?

I have seen

The irresistible river madly leap
Down wild cascades with thundering shout, and
rush

Through swirling rapids; and I have beheld
The lofty cliff, like a black scar, uprear
Its rocky head in majesty to catch
The sunbeams, while the valley at its base
Slumbered in shadows; I have also found
Great trees, the giants of the primal wood,
Lying prostrate, powerless, with roots
Upturned and broken by the winter's blast,
And with their branches riven with bolts of
fire.

And seeing them, my heart was over-powered.
So, fearing, turned I from the stream aside;
So faltered I the dizzy height to scale;
And so I sought a shelter from the storm,
For in my path the strong Hand daunted me.
Yet when at dusk I built my sylvan fire,
And cooked my simple fare beneath the stars,
The peace which passeth understanding came
And made my spirit calm and well content.

The rock-scarred hillsides were no longer grim,
But showed with softened lines against the sky,
Like Titan sentries guarding me from harm.
The welkin, no more overcast with clouds,
Shone with her multitude of marching stars,
Silent forever and forever true
To that great Hand that moves the universe.
The river from her distant waterfall
Sent up a sleepy murmur. And my fire —
Though sister to the lightning — gleamed and
glowed
And curled in smoke, then flashed her golden
flames
And sent her sparks aloft like little stars,
Giving good cheer and warmth to all around.
Thus in all things I felt the loving Hand
That ordered all for good. So, gratefully,
I lay before the welcome blaze to rest;
So over me there shone the peaceful stars,
So, 'round about, the mountains held their
guard,
And the soft murmur lulled me unto sleep,
For the wise Hand of God protected me,
And loved me as a father loves his child.

May 3, 1913.

THE INUNDATION

O THOU who ruleth sky and sea and land,
Who taketh a strong river for a sword,
Thou art almighty and all-wise, O Lord!
Holding the sons of men within thy hand.
The deluge, which no power may withstand,
Rises against the people in its might —
All-wise, Almighty, pity thou the plight
Of these, thy children, on the flooded strand.

“Is God a God of mercy or of wrath?”
The Doubt Eternal shakes the soul again.
The Answer is in God and not in men.
This time is not for doubtings. From our path
Of selfishness and strife which we have made,
We now must turn, the homeless one to aid.

March 26, 1913.

L'ARS POUR L'ARS

"ART for Art's sake!" What, think you
God had nothing else in view—

Only Art — no reason why —
When he builded Earth and Sky?
Without purpose nought is done.
God gave purpose to the Sun
And the Moon, and for this reason
Have we Time and Tide and Season,
And the good Lord fashioned Man
With a very similar plan.

"Art for Art's sake!" Only Art?
Can *that* touch the human heart?

March, 1913.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS

SOME are content with pebbles on the shore,
Others will seek unrestingly for pearls!

They dive where our mad ocean torrent
swirls,

Unheedful of the barrier breaker's roar.

With some we laugh and banter—and no more;
To us they are but knaves and clowns and
churls.

Some are content with pebbles on the shore,

Others will seek unrestingly for pearls!

Yes, others seem to find the deepest core

And treasure of the sea, beneath where curls

The white sea-horse's mane. O, he who twirls

Pebbles in idle hands hath not Life's lore!

Some are content with pebbles on the shore,

Others will seek unrestingly for pearls.

January 28, 1914.

DISILLUSION

I, WHO have always gone about my task
In open truthfulness, without the mask
That others wear, am deeply hurt to find
That they were wise, and I a fool and blind —

Oh, I am full of doubt and fear to-night!
I, who have sacred thought the spoken word
Over the holden hand, am sadly stirred,
Learning that others thought the word so light.
I think almost with shame upon the plight —

Oh, I am vexed with heavy doubt to-night.

October, 1913.

SMILES AND TEARS

SO much of sorrow, so much of pain!
Where is the blessing? What is the gain?

Laughter is fleeting, joy cannot last;
What may we garner out of the Past?

This is our heritage out of the years:
Smiles and sunshine, tempest and tears.

This is our lot that the fates ordain:
Pleasure to recompense toil and pain.

Cannot the finite the infinite trust?
Is not the recompense always just?

Be content with the all-wise measure
Of sorrow after the hour of pleasure!

November, 1913.

TALK AMONG FRIENDS

OH, count the time well spent when friends
May talk with one another!
How the low laugh of one heart blends
Like music with its brother!

Let there be talk of small affairs,
Such things are often dearest,
And let us tell both joys and cares
To those who hold us nearest.

Let there be talk of all the day,
And how we did pursue it,
And from our friends hide nought away,
Lest haply we may rue it.

Thus Friendship plays her tender part
In comfort ta'en and given;
So priestlike to the erring heart
We shrive and then are shriven.

Let there be talk upon the Past,
Its specter smiles and sorrows;
But let us always at the last
Face bright and hopeful morrows.

And when the happy evening ends,
And brother leaves his brother,
Oh, count the time well spent when friends
Have talked with one another!

April 7, 1914.

THE SONG OF THE BROKEN

AND yet, although the trophy is not ours,
Although the prize to someone else has
gone,

Though, ere the midnight, we had spent our
powers,

Yet shall we see the Dawn!

Oh, we who strove our utmost and then lost!

Shall we receive no praise, no little token
From the wise Master when he knows our cost
Of sword and heart-string broken?

Who held the post of danger through the night,
And sent the foeman, step by step, receding?
Not he alone who came unhurt from fight,
But we, who lie here bleeding!

So to the Master take each broken sword
And tell him only this, "They did their best."
Then, tired of midnight skirmish, watch and ward,
Contented will we rest.

For though the hero's blade is crowned with
leaves

Of laurel, as a brand that has no peers,
Yet o'er our shattered swords the Master
grieves,

And wets them with his tears.

May 15, 1913.

DESTINY

THE Valley of the Winding Road
Is dark, and heavy is my load,
And all the way beset with thorn.
But down from the far Height is borne
A trumpet blast of great desires —
And I forget the load, the briars!

Some day upon that same far Height,
With meadows golden in the light,
I too, shall stand, transformed at last
Like him who blew the trumpet blast.
Else wherefore should I hear the note
That on the fatal wind doth float?

December 18, 1913.

GABRIEL

OF all the Lord's great angels
To whom men bow in prayer,
Most I love that wingèd one,
The angel of the air.

For from the dewy morning
Until the day is done,
In sweeping blast and crooning breeze
His heart and mine are one.

My spirit rides the thunder
Across the mad-white lake,
And laughs the little world to scorn
In hurricane and quake!

My soul has caught the glory
Of Eventime and Sleep,
In winds that murmur comfort down
To "those who sit and weep."

* * * *

So when my days are over
And mortal powers fail,
God send his trumpeter to me,
His Gabriel of the gale!

June 2, 1914.

THE PILGRIM

IT is so long a way that I must go,
A pilgrim in a kingdom that is strange!
Only my Distant City do I know,
And all the rest is changelessness — and
change.

The changeless way that all my fathers trod,
The way of Life, that is so old, so old!
And yet so changeful that each travelled road
Discloses alterations manifold!

It is so strange a way that I must go,
I scarcely know how I might best prepare.
Only my Distant City do I know,
And all my heart is willed to conquer there!

O, brave to tread the way as yet untrod,
Undaunted by the dangers that I see,
This is the spirit I would show the God
Who showed my Distant City unto me!

June 6, 1914.

A CREED

OH, to be reconciled
To every weather!
To be the same,
Magnanimous and mild,
No matter whether
Men praise or blame!

Never to stake the hope
Of all our pleasure
On little Fame.
To know that where we grope
We find our treasure,
Not where we aim!

To think the world is old
And all things in it;
And that the game
Is ages long, all told,
And that the minute
Is but a flame!

To keep one Goal in view,
That men may find you
Ever the same.
Then, in your living, you
Will leave behind you
A worthy name!

June 25, 1914.

WHEN I DEPART

When I depart to Paradise,
Inter my useless corse of flesh and bone,
And leave it unlamented and alone.
Be there for me no tears, be heard no moan.
Erect no monument of carven stone,
Nor grand memorial device.

If I did wrong among mankind,
Have not been loving, honest, wise and just,
Have not proved faithful to my neighbor's
trust,
Then I deserve no stone. Return I must
By slow oblivion, to worthless dust,
If I to friends in life was blind.

But if my works were good on earth,
Then will I be remembered by my deeds
Among mankind; my body has no need
For time-enduring granite. All the seeds
I planted here will grow, and men will heed.
Then what would monuments be worth?

July, 1912.

A PRAYER OF CONTENTMENT

O LORD, when thou hast worked, through me,
The will thou knowest best,
And those who still live after me
Have laid my clay at rest,
I'll not complain in Paradise
If thou wilt grant my shade
To wander back in summer-time
And haunt a sylvan glade.

There on a mossy stone I'll sit
Beside the merry brook,
And leaning back against a tree,
Conning a wise old book,
I'll thank thee, Lord, as I do now,
And never ask for more
Than the brooklet's metered murmur
And the book of metered lore!

June, 1913.

EARTH AND SKY

TWO mated moods have I:

The one is of the Earth, the other, Sky,
One low, one high.

And you who read have felt them:

Joy and Shame. —

For we are all the same!

“The heavens, even the heavens, are the
Lord’s” —

And I exult in being so near to heaven!

“But Earth unto men’s children hath He
given.”

And I smile down with scorn upon the hordes
Of insignificant flesh and impotence,

And feel, star-seated, in what vaster sense,

What grander eminence,

My soul was framed and founded,

With understanding rounded

Into a perfect Power, until I see

My fellow men in pain and misery

Enduring all beneath the rod,

Not as a brother, as I ought to be,

But like some brute Olympic god,

Like some unpitying, mighty sage

Reincarnated from an age

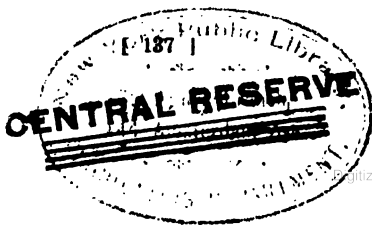
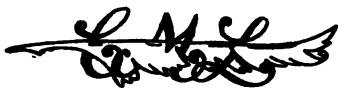
Before the soul was risen from the sod.

“Oh thou, desist,
Thou babbling, blind-eyed egotist!”—
Thus from the Earthly mood, a cry
To that vain vision of the Sky.
Even you who read have heard it as have I,
For we are all the same
In Joy and Shame.

And so at times I am content to sit
The least of all my brethren of the soil,
My brethren in the bonds of love and toil.
Nay, so contented I rejoice in it!
Such lowliness to bear the deep disgrace,
The cumbrous, common burden of the race,
With constant, cheery face,
This is the mark of worth
To show us heirs of Earth!
For we are Brothers! — Put aside your
swords.
The heavens, e'en the heavens, which are the
Lord's,
Shine bright above us yet. And we,
The sons of men to whom the Earth is given,
Are ever mounting up, for see:
The pit wherein we used to be!

And then, look up — our goal:
The stars, which are the Lord's, the gates of
Heaven!
Press on — Man has a soul!

June 21, 1914.



Paul Raab

